By the Way of the Valley.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL, AUTHOR OF "FOR HONOUR'S SAKE," "WILD BRYONIE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

TO be married in black, we know, will not of itself bring either sorrow or joy to the newly-made wife; neither will prayer, alas! though never unblest, avail to avert the natural consequences of a rash deed.

John Chesney, albeit his love was pure and his resolves of the noblest, had chosen a life-long companion almost on the impulse of the moment, with little knowledge of her character, and wholly regardless of the important fact that she did not make even the slightest Christian profession.

But she was so much younger than he—ten years at the least; and so simple and unsophisticated! It should be his sweet task to mould her nature and inform her mind. He would teach her guileless heart to love him, and then lead her on, by tenderest winning, to love and worship his God. She was so childish, so small and frail and flower-like; surely, like her garden namesake, she would, spiritually, climb and cling to him, aided by his strength and knowledge. "I am the rough old wall," he said to himself, with as true poetry of metaphor as could be expected from a commonplace man, "and she is the clasping vine. I will cherish and support her, while she blossoms in fragrance and purity upon my breast."

John decided, in consideration of Jasmine's youth and inexperience, that for a while at least, they would do well to make their home still at 15, Stanley Square, tended by motherly Mrs. Wright; and to this the girl made no objection. He thereupon engaged the suite of apartments which the Kendales had occupied, and, persuading the landlady to store the shabbiest of the carpets and furniture in her roomy attics, proposed to replace them by new goods of his own and Jasmine's choosing. It was in the carrying out of this plan that he obtained considerable and startling insight into his wife's mind and expectations.

Her taste, cultivated by her father, was not only exquisite, but fastidious, and John soon found that her choice invariably fell on the most expensive articles. In this he humoured her as far and as long as he could, but at last he was obliged to make a stand.

She had set her heart upon a hand-painted dessert service, price £10 10s. Nothing else would do.

"I think that is a trifle beyond us, my dear," said John. "I'm sure we can get something very pretty at a lower figure than that."

"But only common printed things!"

"Oh, yes, madam," said the shopman. "We have hand-painted services from two pounds five." And he produced a specimen.

Jasmine just glanced at it, and turned away in disgust. "If I can't have something fit to look at, I would rather have nothing at all," she answered.

"Very well," rejoined John. "So be it. I would gladly get you the best of everything, darling, you know that," he added, in a lower tone, "but I really can't afford it, and that's the truth. I had about two hundred and fifty pounds to furnish our home with, and more than half of it is already gone. A moment's calculation, dear, will show you that we can't have ten-guinea dessert services out of that."

"I don't know anything about calculation," said Jasmine, coldly. "I was never taught anything of that sort. I only know that I have never been used to common things, and I hate them. My father's tastes were those of a perfect gentleman; he always would have the best."

"I don't know how in the world he did it!" said John, blankly.

He made precisely the same remark a few days later, though not aloud, when Jasmine, having been out shopping alone, brought in a magnificent bunch of grapes at—six shillings the pound!

"My dear child!" cried her husband, aghast. "Funds won't run to that sort of thing—indeed they won't!"

"But you said you liked grapes," was the answer.

"She stooped to comfort the little child." *p.* 20.

"So I do, but not at that price. Two hundred a year won't do it, Jasmine, upon my word!"

Her delicate face flushed, and her head took a prouder poise.

"How you are always talking about affording, and not affording!" she said. "There is something so vulgar, and—and sordid about it. My dear father would never allow me to be troubled with such ideas. He said it was so narrowing to the mind."

John sighed. Such obstinate impracticality he had not imagined. Would she *never* learn?

"Such things have to be thought about," he said, "if people mean to live honestly in the sight of God and man."

Jasmine made no reply. She sat daintily eating her grapes, and looking, save for downcast eyelids and curling upper lip, as plastic as a baby, and as gentle as a dove.

A short time after, in conversation with a friend who had been employed at the bank, the failure of which had been Mr. Kendale's ruin, Mr. Chesney learned that a depositor, the only depositor of that name, had lost ten thousand pounds, his daughter's money, which he had held in trust.

"And the interest?" he questioned, with a new light breaking in upon him.

"Oh, that was drawn every quarter—between four and five hundred a year, it amounted to," replied his friend. "I suppose they lived upon that."

Six hundred a year, instead of one hundred and twenty! John could scarcely repress a low whistle. No wonder that father and daughter had been accustomed to the "best of everything." But what could have possessed Mr. Kendale to keep the child in ignorance of the truth? Still, he thought, no good purpose seemed likely to be served by telling her now. He hoped that with time she would learn the value of money. The great comfort was that her vexation over her husband's necessary denials was quickly past, and her trust in him was perfect.

He rejoiced in this, little imagining that by him this sweet confidence could ever be shaken.

In the spring, a week or so before Easter, which that year fell early, John proposed to Jasmine that they should embrace the opportunity which these holidays would afford to pay a visit to his relations—a widowed mother and one sister, who lived in the outskirts of Hardwareham, a populous manufacturing town rather more than two hundred miles from London. It was owing to the length of this journey, and the then inclement state of the weather, that neither Mrs. Chesney, who had but recently recovered from a severe illness, nor her daughter had been able to be present at John's wedding; and notwithstanding his rapturous descriptions, Jasmine was hitherto only a sweetly suggestive name.

"I so want them to see my sweet little wife," he said, "and they are just as anxious to know you."

"If they are like you," answered Jasmine, who was in one of her best moods, "I shall be glad to know them. They live at that house with the pretty name—do they not?—Willowbrook Châlet? I should love to go there!"

"Yes. It is rather a pretty little place, though I'm afraid that since the carrying out of the new waterworks scheme the brook has dried up. And I fancy I heard something about the willows having been cut down. But it will always be dear to me. Mother and Nellie have lived there ever since our father died, so it is just—home!"

The softening expression on John's honest face as he uttered these words was good to see. It was evident that paramount as might be his wife's place in his affections, his mother had been his first love. This, of itself, was no vain guarantee of the wife's happiness, but Jasmine had never known a mother, and did not understand.

CHAPTER IV.

"YOU WRONG YOUR BEAUTY, CHILD, . . . IN BEING SO PROUD."

AT about five o'clock in the afternoon of the Saturday after Good Friday, Willowbrook Châlet, Mill Lane, Hardwareham, was the scene of mild but pleasant excitement.

A little old lady in black silk, with a pink-cheeked, smiling face, and flossy white curls bobbing at each side of her twinkling spectacles, was trotting cheerily from room to room—there were but five—in the tiny cottage, putting finishing touches here and there, the effect of which was invisible to any eyes but her own; smoothing a crease in the cloth laid for tea, straightening the glass dish (by about two hairs' breadths!) that contained her own special make of apple jam, re-arranging the pile of home-made crossed-buns, or re-laying a fork. Then briskly upstairs, for she was very active, to take yet another peep at "John's room" and see that its airy spotlessness was complete, to twitch and pat the coverlet for the twentieth time, lingering long before the likeness, brought out of her own chamber for the occasion, of John's father, then wiping her spectacles to read once again the framed texts hung above it, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber" and "He giveth His beloved sleep."

A light foot came running up the stairs, and a young woman entered the room. She was pleasant and intelligent-looking, though not pretty; just now her cheeks were rosy with exercise, and the March wind had tossed her nut-brown hair all about her forehead and her bright grey eyes. Her hands were full of the white and gold of sweet spring flowers.

"I could not get anything much but daffies," she said, "with just a few wallflowers and narcissus to mix in with them. It is early yet. I shall arrange a few for the tea-table, and bring the rest up here. Oh, dear, I should have liked the place to be just garlanded with flowers to welcome our Jack and his 'blossom-bride'!"

"They will see what we have done, dear," returned her mother, "and take the will for the deed."

"I do hope she'll be nice," Nellie resumed, as she stood off from a filled vase to see the effect of her handiwork.

"She will be our John's wife, won't she, dear?" said the old lady, with a world of gentle suggestiveness in her voice.

"I believe you would try to love a Hottentot if she were John's wife!" cried Nellie, with a queer mixture of remonstrance and admiration.

"I should *try*. I should feel so sure that there must be something good and lovely about her, or such a good, God-fearing, sensible man as my son John would never have fallen in love with her."

"From her photo I should think she is pretty—very, though there is a certain something I don't like about her mouth. But John evidently thinks her perfection; there is no doubt he is very much in love."

"We cannot, of course, expect to feel as enthusiastic about Jasmine as he does," said Mrs. Chesney. "But we must try, as much as possible, to see her with his eyes. That ought to be easy to me," she added, with that sunny, tender smile which had stamped her aged face with beauty; "for his eyes—bless them—are half mine, and the other

half come of one wiser and better far than me. Besides, poor little thing, she is an orphan, and so young too, and has never known a mother's care."

"Oh, mother, dearie," said Nellie, imprinting a loving kiss upon the wrinkled brow beneath that silky white hair, "I know you are longing to take another daughter into your big heart. If all mothers-in-law were like you, they would never have got such a bad name, and heaps of marriages would be happier."

"Well, I made up my mind years ago to this—that if ever there was unhappiness in the marriage of a child of mine, it should never be through me," said the old lady. "I'll go down now and tell Sarah to begin making the toast. They will be here in about five minutes, if their train is not late."

While the above colloquy was taking place in John's room at the Châlet, John and his wife were driving through Hardwareham from the station in an open fly. Both were in good spirits, John in particular. He was always happy at the thought of coming "home," and to-day the prospect was unusually pleasant, for his darling Jasmine was at his side, looking her loveliest, with her delicate beauty set off by seal-plush and furs. She was also in one of her sweetest humours, a circumstance which afforded her husband special gratification, without, as yet, prompting him to dwell at all anxiously upon its necessary converse.

Thus it was with even more than his ordinary frank kindliness that he responded to the greeting of a man at a certain shop door in the High Street, and ordered the fly-man to stop.

"Glad to see you, Mr. John," said the man, coming forward, "glad to see you, sir. And you, too, ma'am!" touching his cap to Jasmine. "I hope it ain't too late to wish you both all happiness?"

"She sat daintily eating her grapes."

"Thank you, Joyce, thank you!" returned Mr. Chesney, cordially. "How is the wife and all the little ones?"

"Nicely, sir, thank you. I've got my Tom with me in the shop, you know, now."

"Yes, so I heard. I hope he'll turn out as well as his father has. Is business pretty fair?"

Jasmine was listening to this dialogue, with wide, dilated eyes and a strangely hardening expression, as of one who has received a shock. The shop, by the way, in front of which they had halted was a large, double-fronted ironmongery store, and the name over the windows was "*John Chesney and Co.*"

"Yes, middling," returned the man. "Not much to complain of. Times are not what they were, but we stick to the old motto, Mr. John, 'All through alike,' and we mean to, whether we sink or swim."

"That's right, Joyce. It's what my father would have done, and my mother, I am sure, would rather have a smaller income than depart from it. Good day to you, Joyce, good day!"

And they drove on.

"That's our manager, Jasmine—a real, good fellow," said John. "And that's the house where I was born."

Jasmine was pale to the lips.

"I had no idea your family were tradespeople!" she said, in a low, cold voice.

"Had you not?" exclaimed John, startled alike by the remark and the way in which it was delivered. "My father, and his father before him, carried on business at that shop for over fifty years. Joyce manages it now, and it supports my mother and sister."

Jasmine was silent.

"Does it matter, Jasmine? Does it make any difference?" John asked, with a sick feeling at his heart.

"I had no idea—I never thought!" said the girl, with averted gaze. "I could not have believed that you could be so—disingenuous with me."

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It was but a dreary home-coming, after all. Jasmine, smarting under the sense of having been somehow deceived and entrapped, was still and cold as an icicle, repelling the affectionate advances of Mrs. Chesney and Nellie with a hauteur of which even John, accustomed as he was to a certain "pretty imperiousness," would not have supposed her capable. Looking around the little cottage (so much smaller and humbler than her imagination had unwarrantably conceived) with prejudiced eyes, expectant of commonness and vulgarity at every turn, she saw and noted with contempt the large-flowered parlour carpet, the antiquated "lustres" on the mantelpiece—treasured relics, once costly and fashionable, of the mother's bridal home—the unæsthetic mingling of crimson and amber on a sofa cushion, the smart bouquet of roses and lilies, where a cultured taste demanded storks and bulrushes, on the wool-worked screen.

And the mother! Oh, blind and foolish child that could overlook the angel-tenderness beaming in that eye and smile, to discern the bad taste of the large cameo brooch which fastened the crochet collar—fine to a marvel, but only crochet—around her neck! And alas for the deaf worldliness which detected a slight provincialism in the caressing voice, and missed all its sweetness!—the mad pride, that rejecting the one influence which might make a woman of her, held disdainfully aloof from that mother's arms and kiss!

As to her sister-in-law, Jasmine did not have sufficient intercourse with her to discover, as she otherwise might have done, that Nellie Chesney was a better educated girl than herself, if an all-round development of a singularly capable mind be worthy of that term. The two struck sparks, so to speak, almost at first sight, and Nellie, quick to appreciate the attitude of their new relative towards themselves and all their surroundings, remained tacitly on the defensive during the whole visit.

"A horrid little thing!" was her comment, when the pair had, after two days of mutual discomfort, taken their departure. "Stiff-starched, stuck-up, supercilious as she is ignorant, and that is saying quite enough. How ever John—but there! men are enigmatical in these things."

"She has a lovely face—very lovely," said the old lady,

dreamily. "I caught a glimpse of her better self as she stooped to comfort that little child who fell down, coming out of church on Sunday. After that I did not so much wonder at it. It is her training that has been wrong, Nellie, I feel sure—nothing but that. And yet, one may say, that is everything. Oh, how I used to pray when John was a boy, that I might never, by word or deed, be storing up sorrow for his wife that might some day be! No mother, and a father half-crazed—poor child, poor child! May the pitying Lord in mercy help them both!"

After this episode, matters at 15, Stanley Square, went from bad to worse. Jasmine considered herself an injured being, and the blow which she had given her husband in her scorn of his dearest ones, was, despite his noble nature, and his love for her, very difficult to forget. She chafed more and more at the restrictions which their limited means necessarily imposed, constantly sighing for something unattainable, and making it a grievance that her wish must be denied. Instead of growing to love her husband as he had fondly hoped, her respect for him, and confidence in him seemed to have been withered by that discovery of his antecedents, and what she chose to consider his duplicity in concealing them so long. Though, in fact, John himself attached so little importance to the circumstances that he positively did not know whether he had mentioned them to her or not. And daily the young husband became more sadly convinced that his marriage had been a mistake.

They had been wedded nearly a year, when John Chesney came home from business one evening, with a slower step than usual, and a down-bent head.

A crucial period in his life-history had that day arrived, and he felt that his fate lay in the hands of his wife. Her word was to decide it. Oh, how would she receive his news? What would her fiat be? The trembling anxiety with which again and again he went over the words in which he would break it to her, the wild beating of his heart as he inserted his latch key in the door, showed him that notwithstanding all that had passed, his love for her was as great as ever. (*To be continued.*)

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

ONE hears often of the citizen's rights, rights of labour or capital, rights of women; but the rights of children are seldom emphasised. Perhaps it is because the children have not the power to express their grievances, more probably because it is a part of child-nature to take what comes, either of good or bad, as a matter of course, with little thought of the why or wherefore.

These thoughts were suggested to me by a remark that I overheard one day in an omnibus. Directly opposite me sat two ladies, who showed by their dress and manner that they came from homes of some refinement. I was attracted by hearing one of them say, "Really, I see very little of my children, dearly as I love them. You see, my days are so full of engagements that I have no time to give to them, but fortunately I am blessed with an excellent nurse, who attends to all their wants with absolute devotion."

Apparently this mother looked upon the enjoyment of her children's society as a luxury in which she could not afford to indulge very largely, for fear some weightier matter might be neglected. But it had not occurred to her that her children had the first claim on her time and strength.

As I reached my own door, and my children came running to meet me, with happy, eager faces, I inwardly breathed a thanksgiving that I was so necessary and important a part of their lives, though my position in the world outside was but a humble one.

I believe, however, that a mother may hold a responsible position in society without neglecting her children. There is much that a good nurse can do for young children as well as, if not better, than the mother. And the mother who has leisure to cultivate her social instincts and intellectual tastes can often have a more inspiring and healthful influence over her children than if she were kept busy from morning to night in caring for them. An overburdened mother is frequently too tired to show her children the patient sympathy and loving forbearance which their ignorance and weakness call for.

I once heard of a lady of great wealth, and consequently of many cares and responsibilities, who set aside a certain part of every day to be with her children. This engagement was kept as sacredly as any other, and the children looked forward each day with happy anticipation to the time when they should have mamma all to themselves.

Another case occurs to me of a weak, pleasure-loving mother, a widow, who left her boy to the care of ignorant nurses during his early years, and when he grew old enough to begin to assert his independence, exercised no restraining influence over him. Whenever he wanted money it was given to him liberally, and he was allowed to visit the neighbouring city as often as he pleased. The result was almost a foregone conclusion. When I chanced to meet the boy years after, when he had grown to manhood, he was a confirmed criminal.

If what we often hear be true, that the first six years of life determine to a great extent the character of the man or woman, certainly in this case a great part of the responsibility rested upon the mother. If she had only realised how much depended on her, how different the story might have been! She did realise at last, but it was too late.

When we think of the untold influence for good of a truly strong and noble life, surely it is no small aim to set before us, to help our children to attain the noblest manhood or womanhood possible for them. In doing this, it seems to me we are only giving them what is simply their right.

S. M. STOWE.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—The attendants at the insane asylum say that when the insane are first committed they are visited by family and friends. The friends drop off, but father, mother, sisters, and brothers return, week by week, month by month. Then the brothers appear no more. At length, the father leaves to the mother and sisters the duty of looking after the afflicted one. The girls marry, and husband and babies claim their time. Then the day comes when the mother alone is seen. Year in and year out, unmindful of the weather, unheeding the season, comes the mother. When she comes no more, they know at the asylum that she is dead.

WAITING FOR "A FOOTSTEP THAT WE KNOW."

THE fire is burning brightly,
And the pussy's purring low;
So we'll stand and watch and listen
For a footstep that we know.
The hearth is swept and tidy,
The house is clean and neat,
And all of us are ready
For the master, baby sweet!

He comes across the meadow,
He comes across the moor,
With a light and swinging footstep
When the daily toil is o'er;
And he knows we watch and listen,
And wonder if he's near—
That we're waiting, that we're ready,
That we love him, sonny dear!

Far beyond the moor and meadow,
Far beyond the stars and sky,
There's a greater Master, dearie,
Who is coming by-and-by.
He came for little sister,
She was so sad and worn;
We did not see Him take her—
Only knew when she was gone.

For we may not hear His footstep,
Or know when He is near;
But He loves us; so, my darling,
What cause have we for fear?
He will gently, gently lead us,
He will guide our weary feet;
God grant we may be ready
For the Master, baby sweet!

PREPARING FOR THE NEW BABY.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

"A HOME is never so happy as when there is a baby in it," and when a baby is expected in a home, especially a first baby, it is difficult to exaggerate the interest, made up of hope and fear, of the woman who is about to become a mother. Never before has she felt so overpowered by the sense of her own ignorance and weakness, and there comes to her a most earnest desire to do what is right and wise for the little immortal who is to be entrusted to her care.

"How shall I make the best preparation for my baby?" is the question she puts to herself with trembling anxiety, and though through shyness she may shrink from asking those who are more experienced than herself, she is still very glad when she can gain a few hints from them. Yet sometimes it happens that the advice she receives in this way is very contradictory. Take, for instance, baby's outfit. One friend recommends one thing, and another something quite different, until at length the worker comes to the conclusion that to make a baby's little trousseau is a business of great difficulty, and one in which a novice is much more likely to make mistakes than she is to do things for the best. Let us see, therefore, if we cannot give a few simple, general suggestions which may be a help to a woman thus circumstanced. Perhaps they may throw light on her perplexities.

In order to make a baby's trousseau successfully we need before everything to exercise our common sense. We do this most effectually if in the first instance we gain a clear idea of what is required.

Stating the matter thus, we find that we want clothing which shall be light, warm, and loose. The clothes must be light because if they are heavy they will weigh down the small wearer, and make him weak; they must be warm, but not too warm, and they must cover the vital parts of the body, which are the chest and bowels. Consequently they must come well up to the neck, and cover the chest and shoulders, and arms, also they must cover the feet. They should be loose, to give room for growth and development, and to permit the various organs to perform their functions without hindrance. If the clothes we make answer these purposes, we shall not have gone very far astray.

There are people who think that fashion has nothing to do with the making of baby's clothes, and that a baby's garments are the same from one generation to another. This is not the case, however. Not many years ago it was fashionable for babies to wear long robes which hung three-quarters of a yard below the body, which dragged heavily from the neck, and even when turned up were a weight on the feet, while at the same time the arms and neck were left bare. The mistake is not often made now-a-days. The very long robes have gone out of fashion, and a baby's first dresses are made long enough to wrap round its feet, but no longer. Thus both expense and trouble are saved.

Another absurd fashion, and one which has not quite fallen into disuse, was that of having a large number of garments for baby. There appears to be a natural instinct for dressmaking in the breast of some women, and this leads them to multiply the supply of clothes provided quite unnecessarily, at the cost both of money and time. When common sense rules with regard to the preparation for a new baby, extravagance of this sort is prevented. Experienced people know well that much less is absolutely needed for a little child than is commonly prepared. Of course, a baby must have clothes enough to enable it to be kept perfectly sweet and clean. The expectant mother should, however, bear in mind that it will soon outgrow the clothes it wears at first, and they certainly will not improve by being laid away to await a second term of service. Let her be advised, therefore, to be moderate in her preparation. It is not easy to say exactly how many articles should be provided, for it is obvious that the number of clothes manufactured must to some extent be affected by the laundry arrangements of the household, and also by pecuniary considerations. But it is very certain that a too extensive trousseau will add nothing to the baby's attractiveness, while it will be a tax on the strength and patience of the mother, the nurse, and the laundress, and will be a temptation to dishonest folks if there are any near the nursery.

The young mothers to whom this advice is offered will not, it is hoped, think that the advocates of common-sense are hard and prosaic. Of course, we all know that there is much more poetry than prose put into the fashioning of the tiny garments which are intended for the use of the little stranger whose advent is looked for with so much interest. When the expectant mother makes the clothes herself she quite naturally sews a little love in with every stitch, and as each article is completed she lays it in its place with pride and joy. We do not blame her for this; on the contrary, we sympathise with her feeling. We only want to save her from turning work that ought to be a pleasure and a profit into a tax and a weariness.

Mothers who can overcome the prejudice which appears to be born in women in favour of embroidery, tucks, and fine linen, will find that their labour in sewing and washing is much lightened, and the comfort and health of the child is increased by using flannel, and flannel only, for their babies' clothes. A great authority on babies once said, "If you want to have strong babies, remember there are three requisites—plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel." When flannel, and flannel only, is worn, the number of garments required is lessened. Three garments made of flannel—or of wool, which is the same thing—are equal to five or six made partly of flannel and partly of cambric or calico. These three garments will supply abundant warmth; they can be very easily put off and on, they can be soon washed and will need no starching, and from every point of view are to be recommended.

Having made this step in advance, preparation for the new baby can be made quite easily, and the mother will do well to act on the following hints. Choose good patterns for the garments, and remember that those are most likely to be valuable which have been proved and stood the test of service. Have the garments made so simply that they can be fastened without turning the baby over and over as it lies on the mother's lap. Discard altogether the use of pins. Babies' garments should be fastened with tapes. In the early days of infancy bands will be necessary; let these be made of flannel torn in strips, thus doing away with hems and bound edges, which are likely to irritate the tender skin. Have plenty of napkins; if you must go short

in anything, do not let it be in them; then resolve that a napkin never shall be used more than once without being scalded. Have these articles made of soft material—linen or cotton—that will be absorbent without being too thick. They should be made single to form a square when doubled, and should not be too thick, because if too great a bulk of material is used, the children are likely to be made bow-legged. On no account be persuaded to use mackintosh napkins; they are very injurious.

Last, but not least. In order to prevent confusion and anxiety at an important time, get the baby's basket ready betimes. Put in this one complete set of small garments; a soft sponge, a piece of Castile soap, a puff-box with finely powdered starch, a pair of scissors, a piece of old linen, two sizes of safety pins, needle and thread, a little common twine, a soft towel, and a large nursing apron made of flannel. The basket may be trimmed or untrimmed; it may be made of the most modest material, or it may be very expensive, but at any rate it should be ready. When we know that everything likely to be wanted is near at hand, we feel strong and capable to face an emergency.

A PIECE OF PLUSH.

WHEN the writer was a child, the beautiful material known as plush, which has now been in vogue for some years, was seldom seen. It had been "in," and had its day, and gone "out" again. A few shabby specimens to be found in the "glory-holes" of careful families were the only surviving relics of a fashion of the past—otherwise plush did not exist.

One of the afore-mentioned antiquities had so descended in the world as to be tumbling about in a box of "dolls' rags." It had once been crimson, but wear and, we suspect, experimental washing, had reduced it to the hue of very much crushed strawberry. In reality, it only appeared to childish eyes as dingy pink. The pile—such of it as was left—presented a sat-upon appearance to the last degree, and every vestige of light and shade had vanished.

"What is this stuff?" we remember asking, with the simplicity of eight years old.

"That? Oh, that is a piece of plush."

"What is it used for?"

"For trimmings, and to make bonnets, and for the trains of ladies' court dresses," was the reply.

Herein lay food for much reflection. How anybody could care to dress themselves in such ugly stuff as plush, when such lovely things as silks and velvets might be had, remained a marvel for at least ten years; and for a much longer period we were in the habit of confidently asserting that we did not like *plush!*

When the article came into use again, and was exhibited, in all its richness and softness, and brilliance and beauty, in drapers' windows, the revelation was amazing.

We remembered the despised piece of plush, familiar to our childhood, and wondered how we could so long have been stupid enough to take that as a fair specimen of an article which we had always been told was held in high esteem. And the recollection preached a little sermon to us, of the truth of which we have many a time since met with striking illustrations.

"I can't bear gentle people!" once said a very worthy woman, in our hearing, with great energy.

We were not shocked. We knew our friend to be too good a woman not to readily admire everything lovely and of good report, and we were aware that she was afflicted with a near relative whose hopeless weakness of character, and almost imbecile inability to "keep a stiff upper lip" under any circumstances—misnamed *gentleness*—had been a thorn in her side from her youth up. Gentleness, so called, was her "piece of plush."

"She is very sweet!" How often is this hackneyed phrase used to describe an insipidity of character morally nauseating. "Inoffensive" would better apply to such tasteless types, and not unkindly. *Sweet* they are not.

But we have known far more serious instances of the misuse of terms, or the unqualified application of the name of a *genus* to the poorest, most degenerate specimen it affords.

We are acquainted with a lady who through all her growing up had been accustomed to regard a missionary, in the abstract, as a mean, hypocritical sort of creature, who obtained a livelihood by trading on the artificially worked up feelings of the public, or, at best, as an absurd fanatic. After her marriage she for the first time became acquainted with a living member of that misrepresented body, and now a more genuine sympathiser in the mission cause could not be found. It was not the real article, in its ideal state, which she disliked, but the travesty, the miserable sham.

A stranger appears among a party of young folks, an elder relative of one of them, perhaps, or a new teacher at the school. She is stiff and precise, prone to find fault, ready to frown, but by no means so ready to relax into a smile. "She's *very religious*, you know!" whispers one of the girls, with an awe-stricken countenance. And a natural repugnance to religion may be strengthened, or a newly-born yearning after higher things fatally checked by the ill-judged remark. It is not religion, but a sour-flavoured counterfeit, from which the young, sun-loving heart turns with distaste; but as long as the error remains unremedied, the injury is the same.

What is the moral of all this? Surely it is too obvious to need emphasizing here. If we cannot exhibit to the inquiring mind of youth a piece of new, good plush—bright and beautiful as it comes from the loom—for truth's sake don't let us call the wretched, worn, and faded scrap by its original name, without adding a rider to point out its great deterioration from the ideal. Don't, even from the desire of being charitable, call obstinacy, *firmness;* immobility, *calmness;* cowardice, *meekness;* or weakness, *amiability*. Such faults may indeed be virtues gone bad, but "charity to error is treachery to truth," and in the interests of the young, whose early impressions sink so deeply and last so long, let us always endeavour to avoid misapprehensions, lest they conceive an aversion for good things because bad things, unlovely and unlovable, are allowed to bear appellations which they do not deserve.

JACEY.

In the Packing Room.

A VISIT TO A BORAX FACTORY.

ALTHOUGH perhaps a truism, it is nevertheless a striking fact that the commonest things in everyday use, when closely considered, are full of extreme interest. Take Borax as an example. How few persons are aware of the interest attaching to its history, composition, and manufacture! "Yes, borax—very useful for many household purposes," observes a busy housewife, and stops, feeling that she has said everything on the matter.

Now, we lately paid a visit to the chief manufactory of this popular article, and so think a brief description will prove welcome to our many readers. But let us begin at the beginning, and ask at once, What is borax? then its preparation and uses will aptly follow.

Borax, then—the article of commerce and domestic use—is what is scientifically called a bi-borate of soda; that is, a compound of boron, sodium, and other chemicals. There are several varieties, which are found amongst volcanic rocks and lava throughout the world; the most important being tincal, a crude natural borax from the East, and now principally brought from India; boracic acid, found principally in Italy; calcium borate, from Chili, and the superior quality of borates found in Southern America.

The Mill Room: Grinding and Preparing.

Of course, these represent the article in its natural state. To fit it for practical use, it needs careful preparation; and it was at the works of the Patent Californian Borax Company at Ladywood, Birmingham, where we saw the necessary processes.

Commencing our tour of inspection, we were first shown the raw material, in the shape of pure white crystals, which comes over in small bags, and arriving at the works, runs along a miniature tram line to the warehouse in which it is stored. Thence it is conveyed as wanted to the preparing room, and onward to the borax manufacturing room, where there are sixteen huge revolving stones, which crush the borax into a fine white—almost impalpable—powder, to make it more effective for household purposes. It is afterwards passed through very fine sieves, specially made for the purpose.

Ascending to the floor above, we reached the extract and dry-soap making department, where the borax is mixed with specially prepared soap. The materials have to pass through various chemical changes for a week at least, so that all

the elements may incorporate themselves into a dry soapy mass. This mass then goes through a similar process to the prepared borax—namely, slow grinding, repeated siftings, and preparations to make it fit to put into packets as extract of soap. The soap, after undergoing these various preparations, is then sent in a finished state to the packing rooms, which we next visited.

These rooms are the scene of lively and constant industry. A large number of girls are employed in packing borax extract of soap, borax dry-soap, borax starch glaze, etc., and they do their work with extraordinary rapidity. We were informed that over thirty-seven millions—equal to a daily average of 120,000—of packets were turned out by these nimble fingers last year. We were specially impressed by the remarkable cleanliness and whiteness of all these rooms, and the bright, lively appearance of the female workers. The borax packing-room is unusually interesting. Here large numbers of girls are employed in putting into packets the Californian borax; the packets vary in size, and they are remarkably neat and compact in appearance.

We next visited the label room, where we saw, in excellent order and arrangement, hundreds of thousands of labels, wrappers, etc., placed ready for handing as required to the various packers; while in the store label room many millions are always kept in reserve. The label room itself is quite a large department; it is in charge of a forewoman, and an assistant who gives out to the workmen the labels, etc., that are needed for the day's work, and of these a careful account is kept. Near by are two large gas-stoves with boilers on the top, used for making the paste with which the packets, parcels, and boxes are labelled.

The Company also make all their own boxes, in about thirty different sizes, and a distinct department is devoted to this purpose. The boxes have specially-made hinges, all cut to sizes, and they are carefully nailed together.

Ascending another storey, we entered a large room devoted entirely to the labelling of these boxes, to be ready for filling with the various packets—and here was presented a brilliant array of colouring. Passing on, we next came to the mess-room, fitted with large cooking-stove, hot-water tea-urn, with seats, tables, etc., this room being capable

Gas Stoves for Making the Paste.

of accommodating nearly two hundred workpeople. A library of useful books and periodicals is in constant use.

With this we finished our instructive tour. It only remains to say, that during the past few years borax has come into very general use. Its advantages for many purposes are undoubted. In the laundry, for softening and purifying water; in the home, for cleansing all kinds of articles; as an antiseptic, to prevent decomposition and preserve food; in the toilet, to promote cleanliness, and in numerous other ways can the preparation be beneficially used. In fact, from the point of view of either its history, manufacture, or use, borax is a unique article.

"Packeting," "Dozening," and "Boxing" the Borax.

PRACTICAL PAPERS ON EVERYDAY NURSING.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," "ABOUT OUR FOOD," ETC.

II.—The Room.

OU are standing ready to begin your work as nurse. Now, what must you do first? You must prepare the room for your patient.

If the house is large, and you can do as you like in it, go round and look for a room on the sunny side, unless it should be the very height of summer. Dark rooms are always more or less unhealthy, or they will be, if they are not properly attended to. "Where the sun does not enter," has been truthfully said, "the doctor will." Therefore, if you can, choose a nice, bright room for your patient. But I know that for many of us this will be impossible. The husband or child has fallen ill in his usual bedroom, and there he will have to stay for want of another. Not as you *would*, but as you *can*, you must nurse.

Very well. Set to work to make the room fit to live in day and night for the next week or two. Begin with the

Furniture.—Turn out everything that is not absolutely necessary. Remember that the more furniture, the less air. A chest of drawers, a towel-horse, a wash-stand, a small table (not rickety), and two chairs—these are all you really want. If you have a shelf to stand medicines on, so much the better; if not, they must go on the wash-stand.

If there is a fixed cupboard in the room, just ascertain what state the top of it is in, and begin operations by washing it and the floor with a house-flannel, wrung out in a solution of Condy's fluid.

Carpets.—If the carpet is nailed down, take it up if you can, and have only strips to walk upon; carpets under any bed are bad, under a sick bed they are worst of the worse. Please to notice the *ifs*, for they are very big ifs indeed. You may have a case of sudden illness, where the patient must be put to bed at once, and where the noise of carpet moving is impossible; or you may be somewhere where you cannot do just what you wish. If that be the case, you must have recourse to Condy again, and wipe the carpet all over every day with a sponge or cloth wrung out in Condy, tying the cloth over a broom to get under the bed. This reminds me of another point—don't go making a dust in the bedroom by sweeping the carpet, choking the patient, and merely moving the dust from one place to another. Wipe the carpet daily, as I have said, and in dusting the room use a damp duster, and polish with a dry one.

Now attend to the bed. See that no boxes stand under it, and take off the valance. It's perfectly wonderful what an amount some people cram under their beds and at the top of cupboards, quite forgetful of the fact that they obstruct the air, and form traps for dust and nests for spiders. Turn the bed, so that the patient can see the light if he wishes, but hasn't got it glaring in his eyes all day, whether he wishes it or not.

Lights.—That leads to the question of artificial lights. Why, there is an art in putting down a candle in a sick-room. Don't stand it where the patient's eyes will suffer, and if he has reached the reading stage put it behind him. If your patient is a child, glance round the room to make sure that the light causes no shadows on the wall. Sick children sometimes suffer small agonies from these trifles. They don't like to speak about them perhaps, so they lie and fret and fume over a fancied resemblance to some wild beast or fairy tale ogre, and I'm not sure that the big folks don't also sometimes, for it's wonderful what babies we become when we are laid low, and are dependent on other people for everything. I've seen a big fellow of five-and-twenty as simple as a child after an attack of typhoid fever, and leaning on his nurse just as much as ever he did on his mother.

Don't turn your head away then and think it's all rubbish, when you hear the sick man's fancies; when mind and body are weak, pigmies appear as giants.

Bed-making.—Having placed the bed in the best position, you must now make it. It isn't every one who can do this properly, let me tell you, especially when the bed has to be occupied day and night. Remember two things, and the bed will be always comfortable and tidy. The bottom clothes should be tucked in thoroughly at the top, and the top clothes should be tucked in thoroughly at the *bottom*. This is a wrinkle for health as well as for sickness, especially with children.

A draw-sheet should be put over the bottom sheet. Fold an old sheet lengthways, lay it on the bed so that it will be well under the body of the patient, and come half way down the thighs; tuck one end of it firmly in on the left-hand side, then fold up the rest and tuck it bodily under the right-hand side—of course, seeing that the sheet lies perfectly smooth without wrinkles. Wrinkles and crumbs, crumbs and wrinkles, I don't know which torture the patient most.

If the draw-sheet gets soiled, you can easily pull it gently across the bed, fold it up, and tuck it in on the other side. This is both economical and comfortable, and it saves the patient having the bed made too often. Of course, when the bed is next made, the draw-sheet must be changed if it is much soiled.

That's all easy enough, but when you have to make the bed with the patient in it, more thought is needed. Here let me start with an important maxim—never expose a patient. If you know how, you can do everything without outraging modesty. It is bad enough for any of us grown-up folks to have to submit to be washed and dressed like babies; the least you can do is to make it as bearable as possible. False prudery must not find its place in the sick-room, but we must have the reverence which a true Christian should feel for the one who is stricken by the hand of the Lord; we must realise the sanctity of suffering.

When you have to make the bed then, turn your patient on his side with his back to you, as far over the middle of the bed as you can manage. Put your hands under the clothes, and roll up the under-sheet and draw-sheet the whole length of the bed, as tightly as you can, till the roll touches his back. The clean under-sheet and draw-sheet you must have at hand, ready rolled in exactly the same way, half their width. Lay the clean roll, side by side, with the dirty one, against the patient's back. Lay smooth and tuck in the unrolled half. Then turn the patient over on his other side. The soiled linen is free, and can be drawn away, and by just passing your hands under the patient, and leaning on the bed, you can draw the clean things under him, and tuck all in comfortably.

In changing the upper sheet, roll the clean one in its *width*, not its length. Pass it under the sheet which you mean to take off, from the foot of the bed, take it up as smoothly as you can, unrolling it as you move it up.

When it is well over your patient, draw down the soiled sheet, and remove it at the foot of the bed.

There are two or three different ways of making a bed with the patient in it, but I think, on the whole, this is the best, as it avoids the necessity of taking off the blankets which sometimes might do harm. If you cannot afford as many clean sheets as you would like, keep two top ones in use, one for day and one for night, and when one is off duty, hang it in another room to air.

VENTILATION.—That reminds me of the great necessity of proper ventilation in the sick-room. Ventilation you must have somehow. Let me see if I can help you to get it.

If there is a fireplace in the room, see that you don't block it up with those abominable stove boards. In the winter a fire ventilates the room well, by drawing the foul air up the chimney, while the fresh can enter from the window, which in many instances may safely be open an inch at the top night and day. This, however, is a matter on which you had better consult your doctor. A lighted lamp or a few sticks of wood burnt in the grate will take the place of a fire for ventilation.

FRESH AIR.—In dry weather your patient may take a dose of fresh air, at least three times a day. Cover his head with a cap, raise the bed clothes up and down for a minute to ventilate the bed, then throw the window open top and bottom for five minutes.

In all diseases which involve lungs, throat, or nasal passages, such as sore throat, diphtheria, croup, pneumonia, typhoid, measles, or scarlet fever, the patient must be covered up entirely with the blanket during this ventilation; but ventilate you must if you want your patient to make good progress. How can any one get well when he is breathing over and over again the air which is laden with disease? Only remember that *draughts* must not be mistaken for *ventilation.*

Your room is nearly ready now for its occupant. Stop! What is that? A slop pail. It is only china you say, surely it may stay. Not a bit of it; off with it into another room if possible, if not, on the landing. Anywhere, anywhere, out of the sick-room. What vessels you must have in, see that you carry them out *covered*, directly they are used, empty and wash them immediately, and sprinkle with disinfectant of some kind. Never mind if you have to do it a dozen times a day, never leave a used vessel in the sick-room.

HOW TO KEEP THE MEDICINES, ETC.—See that you have the numerous little odds and ends, such as glasses, spoons, etc., ready for use. Keep all bottles and glasses out of sight, if possible, on a shelf or table by themselves. Above all, mind that the bottles containing stuff for internal use, and those for external use, are as far apart as you can put them. When new prescriptions are given, see that you put the old ones away in a safe place, where they can be found if needful, but will not be confounded with the others.

Have a little bowl of clean water, and a cloth ready always, so that after you have used the medicine glass you can wash it and dry it, and turn it topsy-turvy, ready for next time.

NECESSARIES FOR THE NIGHT.—When preparing for the night, see that your kettle is full. That you have matches, wood, coal and candles, plenty of water, and everything that is likely to be needed for treatment or food; also a pair of gloves to feed the fire with, that the rattle of the scuttle may not disturb the sleeper. Finally, hang a thermometer somewhere on the same level as the patient, not in a draught, and not over the mantelpiece. See that it keeps to sixty, unless the doctor orders differently. If you want to lower the temperature in summer, it can easily be done by standing a big lump of ice in the middle of the room. If you require to raise it, set a bronchitis kettle going, and the warm steam will soon have the desired effect.

There, I think you and your room are ready; now you need not hesitate to send for the patient.

THE CHILDREN'S FURNITURE.

THE baby has outgrown his high chair and cradle, and the question comes up, What shall we do with them? Frequently they are given to a younger sister or brother who has a baby, or they are sold to a secondhand man for a mere trifle, and occasionally they are kept for the use and comfort of the possible guest with a baby. Let me put in a plea for the retention of the high chair, cradle, and nursery chair. Any mother who has visited with her baby in a family where these are wanting knows how hard it is. The mother of the baby trained to sleep by itself will be delighted to see a cradle in readiness in the prettily furnished guest-room, no matter if it is shabby.

When my little Harry was two years old we went to visit grandma. Sleepy-time came, and I undressed him and laid him on the couch, but he would not go to sleep there, neither while rocking in my arms. He grew nervous and restless, and began to cry in dead earnest. About nine o'clock his father went in search of a cradle, found one, and brought it home. The little fellow fairly laughed when he saw it, snuggled down in it, and was fast asleep in a moment. Grandpa declared "there was no sense in bringing up children to be so 'cranky'—our babies always slept with us." Our child had slept in his cradle from his birth, because we believed that to be the best place for him, and it never occurred to us that sometime we might have trouble on this account. Grandma has a crib now.

Anyone who has eaten with a baby in her lap knows how tiresome it is. Baby clutches at everything within reach; grandma offers to take the darling, saying, "Now, do eat one meal in peace," and then gives the baby little tastes of everything about her. When mamma protests, she will say, "Pshaw, it won't hurt him. Why, when you were only three months old we used to give you a piece of fat pork to suck." If she had only looked ahead and kept the high chair for the use of her daughter's little ones, how pleasing it would be!

I feel that I must give a word of advice concerning that important article, the nursery chair. Store it with the rest of the baby furniture where it can readily be brought out on the arrival of the baby. With these three articles at his disposal, the visiting baby ought not to be much upset, and his mamma will have no occasion to declare that she "won't go visiting again until the baby has passed the stage where his comfort depends upon having his especial furniture."

G. M. P.

SOME NOTABLE MOTHERS.

I.—The Mother of John Ruskin.

BY ISABEL SUART ROBSON.

AN old writer has said that "the life-work of some women is to buckle on the armour of those who go forth to fight." Of such was Mrs. Ruskin. She played no active part on the world's stage, but from her son we learn that "upon him her character and influence were more important and formative than any external condition, either of friendship or tutorship, whether at University or in the world." There is little doubt she was the "perfect woman, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose," described in "Sesame and Lilies."

Mrs. Ruskin was the daughter of a Captain Cox, engaged in the Yarmouth herring fishery, and killed riding homeward after one of his voyages, when Margaret was about seven years old. With Scotch energy, his widow maintained herself in comfort by keeping the old "King's Head Inn" in Croydon Market-place, sending her two daughters to what was then quite a fashionable school, where Margaret "was taught evangelical principles, and became the pattern girl and the best needlewoman in the school."

When nearly twenty, she went to Edinburgh to keep house for her uncle, then a widower with one son, four or five years Margaret's junior. Tall and handsome, pious and practical, she was eminently fitted to become the confidante and counsellor of her romantic young cousin, and it is not surprising that the comradeship grew to a warmer feeling. Five years after Margaret went to Edinburgh her cousin came to London to seek his fortune, and on his first visit home a marriage was arranged, "if Margaret would wait until he was safely established."

This "establishment" was a harder task than the lovers anticipated. Ruskin's father died, leaving his affairs in disorder and a load of debt, which the son, sensitive of the family honour, undertook to pay to the last penny. Nine years of assiduous and self-sacrificing toil were necessary, resulting unfortunately in a loss of health never wholly recovered. That Margaret was no ordinary woman is shown by the way she used these years of waiting. Though "the model scholar of the Croydon school," she felt herself unfitted to be the bride of a man of Ruskin's attainments, and devoted herself energetically to supply the defects in her early education.

When, at the end of nine years, the lover came to Scotland to claim his cousin's hand, practical Margaret was for further delay, but, with the minister's aid, she was persuaded into a prompt marriage, and, next morning, drove off to London, to the house prepared for her at 54, Hunter Square. This was afterwards exchanged for a house at Herne Hill, then quite a rural retreat, where Mrs. Ruskin could indulge her chief personal pleasure—gardening.

In the house in Hunter Square, in February, 1819, her son, the now famous John Ruskin, was born, and she may then be said to have found her life-work. Never was a child educated on more deliberated and pre-arranged plans. "Regarded from his birth as a sacred trust, never as a plaything or a pastime, intense affection for him was combined with an absence of all outward expressions of maternal love, almost Spartan in its severity."

The general principles of Mrs. Ruskin's educational code were, to guard her child with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain and danger, and for the rest to leave him to his own resources. He was given the simplest toys, and trained to discover "how interesting the most insignificant things are if you look at them well." Observation and experience Mrs. Ruskin regarded as infallible teachers.

A story is told that when the baby cried for a bright tea-kettle she allowed him to touch it and learn experimentally that it was no toy.

By punishing summarily the boy if he cried, disobeyed, or stumbled, she taught him the carefulness and serenity which were the keynotes of her own character.

His food was of the plainest, and at the table or playing among the fruit-bushes in the garden, the mother drew the line at one grape or currant, arguing wisely that control of the appetites is taught most effectually in early years.

Until he reached the age of fourteen she was his only teacher, painstaking, persevering, and absolutely self-controlled. Mr. Ruskin tells us "that never at any time in his life did he hear her voice raised in anger, or saw an offended look in her eyes, nor did he remember one moment of hurry or disorder in any household matter." By sheer personal influence, she exacted and obtained veneration and obedience.

This early reverence for his mother Mr. Ruskin never outgrew, and, in an age when talented youth is apt to regard revolt against parental rule as excusable, it is pleasant to remember one woman who had few pangs of wounded maternal affection to endure.

Smeetham, the artist, writing of a visit paid to Mr. Ruskin in 1855, describes the great art critic's mother as "a ruddy, dignified, richly-dressed old gentlewoman of seventy-five, knowing Chamonix better than Cornwall—evidently a *good* old lady, who puts 'John' down and holds her own opinion, flatly contradicting him. He receives all her opinions with a soft reverence and gentleness that is pleasant to witness."

Few women in Mrs. Ruskin's time travelled as she did. Though Smeetham referred to her superior knowledge of Switzerland, she was familiar with most parts of her own country. In the early part of her married life it had been her husband's custom every summer to make long, leisurely, business tours through England and Scotland. In these tours his wife and son always accompanied him, and with business was combined delightful visits to the places of interest and beauty in the districts through which they drove. Mrs. Ruskin never lost her fondness for travelling, and two years after Smeetham saw her, was vigorous enough to accompany her husband and son to Scotland to revisit the scenes of her youth.

She lived to the advanced age of ninety, retaining all her powers of mind, and ruling with severe kindliness her household and her son, who, she became convinced, "had been indulged too much in his childhood"! She died in December, 1871, and was buried at Addington, in Surrey, where her husband had been laid nearly eight years before. Upon the grave her son inscribed this simple epitaph: "Here beside my father's body I have laid my mother's; nor was dearer earth ever returned to earth, nor purer life recorded in heaven."

THE STORY OF ZENANA MISSIONS.

A Zenana Teacher and her Pupil.

A BISHOP of the English Church has happily styled zenana missions "the missing link in missionary work." Many times have the agents of all societies at present occupying the mission field laid emphasis upon the fact that their work for and among the men of heathen lands like India, China, Persia, and Turkey was fruitless as long as there was no agency to reach the women. The very term *zenana* means the harem, or that part of the house where the women and elder girls are confined. It is derived from two Mohammedan words, signifying "the place of the women." Here they are imprisoned *for life*, according to immemorial custom, and only on very rare occasions do these inmates of the zenana venture forth.

To such the lady missionary goes, carrying with her education, medicine, instruction in useful womanly knowledge, and religious teaching. Zenana missions, then, are simply *missions to women, by women*, and *conducted solely in the women's own apartments.* Many missionaries' wives have engaged in this work to the extent of their time and power; but, strictly speaking, it is carried on by single lady missionaries, sent out by various societies to work solely among the females of those lands where the peculiar zenana system prevails. It is a work so manifestly needed, and so signally successful, that it merits special consideration.

In the beginning of the present century, various isolated efforts were made here and there for the amelioration of the darkness and bitterness of the lot of Indian women. Among the noble women who were pioneers in the work may be mentioned Mrs. Gogerly, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Mundy, Mrs. Mullens, and Miss Bird. The last-named lady gained access to several zenanas in Calcutta about 1830, and sowed much good seed; but her work had to be done very unostentatiously, and indeed secretly, or the jealousy of the Brahmins would have put a speedy end to it. Nevertheless, this work went on for years, and is still lovingly remembered by many.

In 1834 the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East was formed. Mr. Abeel, an American missionary, visited this country to plead for the formation of some mission which should be competent to deal with the women of India. He represented the fact that it was simply *impossible* for male missionaries to attempt to teach women in Eastern countries, because of Oriental habits and ideas. Especially in India was it found that society was so conservative of old prejudices and opinions, that women must learn of women, or for ever lose respectability. As the result of this statement of the case, some lady missionaries were sent out. Several distinct zenana missions are now kept afloat in different parts of India by this Society. A great number of aristocratic zenanas are constantly visited, and many hundred lady pupils are regularly taught in them. In addition to this, numerous schools, containing thousands of scholars, are assisted by the Society.

It should be mentioned that the zenana mission work naturally divides itself into three parts—*spiritual* work, including the visits of missionaries and native Bible-women to the women at their own homes, *educational* work, and *medical* work. This latter branch was added as the pressing need was seen, while the Bible-women do an important work in the village homes of the poorer castes.

Then there is the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, or Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, which was founded in 1852. It co-operates with the Church Missionary and other Protestant Missionary Societies in

Indian Missionaries and Converts.

India, and has lady missionaries located at a large number of places—Bombay, the North-West Provinces, Punjaub, and Ceylon.

No sooner were the first pupils trained than a few native gentlemen admitted them as teachers. This was in 1855, the Normal School having being opened in 1852. From year to year the number of the zenanas that were visited increased till it was found desirable to send English ladies to superintend the work carried on by the young teachers. Then it extended to other cities in various parts of India—Trevandram, Lucknow, Benares, Lahore, Amritsar, Madras, and Bombay being taken up in succession. Day schools were started for the children of the zenanas, and Bible-women were employed to read and explain the Scriptures to the poorer women.

In 1880 some members of the committee who preferred to work exclusively with the C.M.S., formed the Church of England Zenana Mission, and appealing to all the Associations of the Society, obtained the co-operation of a very large number. This necessitated a division of the work, and the Society gave up Calcutta, Madras, and Amritsar, retaining Bombay, the North-West Provinces, and Lahore. Both Societies have grown and increased marvellously under the good hand of God. Many open doors are waiting to be entered, both in cities and villages; female schools might be multiplied in all directions, and more zenanas visited; hospitals and dispensaries might be established in all the populous districts, and under all these agencies the Gospel might be preached to the millions of our fellow subjects in India.

And, so far as the funds admit, this is being done. The Society has now 64 European missionaries, with 23 assistants, and 164 native teachers, and 58 Bible-women. It has built two hospitals—one at Lucknow, the other at Benares, and is erecting a third at Patna. It has five fully qualified medical ladies in charge of these stations, and five more in training. The number of in-patients during the year 1892 in their hospitals was 447, and of out-patients 9,678, while 387 were attended at their homes, and the total attendances at the dispensaries amounted to 30,730. Few indeed compared with the suffering millions, but encouraging as a beginning.

Another equally important sign of the times, as far as it concerns our own countrywomen, is seen in the fact that a few years ago a Zenana Medical College was opened in Westminster, for the purpose of training Christian young ladies of means and education to be medical missionaries to the heathen women of India and other Eastern lands.

But the leaven of womanly and Christian sympathy for Indian women has spread until almost every missionary society has started its zenana branch. Church of England, Congregational, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Friends—all in turn have roused themselves and their constituents to contemplate the terrible evil which existed, and to grapple with it.

At the time of writing, zenana missionaries are labouring, not only in India, but in all Eastern lands, in more or less strength; England, America, Scotland, Germany, and Switzerland are all sending forth ladies to this noble work. And to their honour be it said that many of these lady-workers are labouring at their own expense, devoting life, and talents, and fortune to the great work of elevating their sisters. Yet it is estimated that, after deducting all those who are engaged in educational work, only one zenana missionary is engaged to about every million of Hindu women! And this proportion is not exceeded in other Eastern lands where lady missionaries are at work. Truly, *this* harvest is great and the labourers are few.

AUNT RACHEL'S TREATMENT.

CRASH! An ominous sound came from the kitchen, as I was sitting for a quiet talk with my friend, Mrs. Morrison. I expected her to get up and run nervously to that quarter, but she quietly continued the conversation. A moment after, there appeared at the door a young servant with a most woe-begone look on her face, and a tear on either cheek. I could not forbear an exclamation of dismay at perceiving that in her hand she held the fragments of my friend's largest meat dish, belonging to her fine dinner set.

"Broken?" asked Mrs. Morrison, looking at it as though it were the wreck of a kitchen bowl. "You might have selected something else to break, Lena," she added, with a little shake of the head, but still with a smile.

"It slipped right out of my hands," said the girl, in great distress.

"Oh, don't stop to fret over it, Lena. You don't break many dishes. No, it's no use to save the pieces. It cannot be mended."

"Well, Ruth!" I exclaimed, as Lena, greatly comforted, took her departure, "anyone would think, to see how coolly you take the ruin of that handsome dish, that you could have a new set any day, if you want it."

"Which is very far from being the case, as you know," said my friend, soberly. "I am afraid I cannot match the dish, even if I could afford the money for it just now."

"But you do not seem to mind the accident at all," I persisted, quite unable to understand her equanimity.

"Oh, yes, I do—after a fashion," she went on, very deliberately. "That set was a present from dear old Aunt Rachel, and I am sorry to see any piece of it broken. But if you are wondering because I do not fret over what can't be helped, I can only assure you, Eleanor, that I cannot afford to. It is bad enough to lose the dish without that."

"Anyone will admit that fretting is of no use," I said. "But you are about the first woman I have ever seen who really lived up to the idea."

"I didn't begin that way," replied Ruth, settling back into her chair, with a thoughtful expression on her pleasant face. "I was very much given to fretting over small annoyances when I was much younger. It was that same dear old Aunt Rachel who cured me by vigorous treatment."

"I should like her recipe, if you can give it to me."

"Oh, it is only the same old one you may hear or read any day of your life: 'Don't fret; it is thankless, rebellious, and utterly useless, never does a bit of good, and always does harm,' with plenty more such plain truths. I think it must have been the sturdy administration which affected me. When we were first married, Fred and I began housekeeping in our pretty little house with everything nice about it, and were as happy as young people usually are. But my habit of worrying over trifles began putting little blots here and there on the smooth surface of our lives. Any petty mishap would fill me with keenest anxiety.

"Well, real trouble came at last. Our baby was sick for weeks and weeks, and we thought he never would get well. As I prayed that the shadow of death might not so early darken our home, I believed I should never again allow myself to be moved by small troubles. But I did not have an opportunity to test my resolution very soon; for as baby recovered I became ill. For many a day I lay far beyond all resolving for the future; in fact, the winter had passed before I won my way back to life, and began to take up its cares again one by one.

"Well, I held to my good resolution as I rejoiced in being able to oversee the house-cleaning, until I came to the parlour carpet. The room had been shut up for months, and had not been properly aired and swept, and the moths had made fearful ravages all around the edges of the carpet. You'll be astonished to hear, Eleanor, that all my equanimity broke down at sight of it. I was in a terrible state of annoyance. But just as I was in the midst of my 'pet,' Aunt Rachel's kindly face beamed upon me for a week's visit.

"'Thankful to see thee so well, dear,' was her greeting. 'The Lord has been good to thee. Not that I don't mean that He would have been good if thee hadn't got well.'

"'Yes, I'm very well now, thank you, Aunt Rachel,' I said, after the first inquiries were over. 'Well enough, you see, having got past my great troubles, to settle down to small worries. Look here—isn't this enough to break the heart of a housekeeper?'

"She looked at me with her quiet eyes, always so full, I used to think, of the very peace of heaven. 'Surely, Ruth, thee isn't going to make the matter worse by vexing thy soul over a mishap?'

"'Oh, it's all very well to talk like that, Aunt Rachel,' I replied. 'But I can't afford a new carpet just now.'

"'Thee doesn't need one—the bad places hardly show.'

"'But I shall always know they are there, and it will take away all my peace of mind.'

"Her eyes looked straighter into mine as she talked on, something like this: 'Thy peace is worth little, to thee or to anyone else, if it can be so easily broken. Ruth Harvey, thee is starting out in life; beware that thy disposition to fret about small things does not prove a curse. Every thought of discontent about matters beyond thy control is not only a sin against God, but a sin against thy own soul.' And when Aunt Rachel went away, one of the last things she said to me was: 'I want thee to bear in mind this, dear—that every fretful thought thee wastes on small accidents is only so much added to their burden.'

"I think I took her words well to heart, for I concluded, Eleanor, that life's burdens are heavy enough without any such addition. And I will tell you one thing I have observed," she added, smiling, "I do believe that four-fifths of the women who fret do it because they think it a duty."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"They do," she persisted. "You notice the next woman you meet to whom some mishap occurs. See if much of her worrying is not because she thinks she is expected to worry, and that it might be taken ill of her if she didn't."

I wonder if Mrs. Morrison is right! S. D.

Hints for Busy Housewives.

To Renovate Chairs.—Willow chairs that have lost their natural colour can be restored by using a solution of chlorine. Clean cane-seated chairs with salt or ammonia and warm water. Apply it with a nail-brush, scrubbing well, rinse with cold water, and dry thoroughly. Wet the under part of the seat, and when dry it will become taut.

Lemon Juice.—There is said to be no better medicine for persons who are troubled with bilious and liver complaints than lemon juice. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs, and tones up the system generally. It is mentioned as a cure for sick headache, the juice of half a lemon being put in a glass of water, without sugar. Lemon juice and sugar, mixed very thick, is useful to relieve coughs and sore throats. Lemonade is not only a luxury, but it is wholesome, and is a good Temperance drink. If the hands are stained, there is nothing that will remove the stain better than lemon, or lemon and salt.

A Renovator of Silk Fabrics.—Potato water cleans silks of any kind or colour, says an authority. For every quart of water to be used in washing a dress, for instance, pare and grate one large potato. Put the grated potatoes into the water, which must be soft water and cold; let it stand two days without being disturbed in any way; then very carefully pour off the clear liquor from the sediment into a large, convenient vessel, in which dip the pieces of silk up and down. Of course, silk must not be creased by wringing it; let it hang and drip nearly dry, then lay it flat on the table, and wipe it first on one side, and then on the other. If necessary to press it, do so between flannel with a moderate iron.

Iceing.—One cup of white sugar, one egg (white only). Put the sugar into water just sufficient to dissolve it; put it on the stove and boil it until it is thready. Beat the white of the egg until very stiff; pour in the sugar, beating steadily and swiftly all the time until quite cool. Ice the cake when it is cold, and the iceing nearly so.

Curling Ostrich Feathers.—A smooth piece of whalebone surpasses a knife or scissors for curling feathers, for it is not so apt to cut and damage.

Brooms.—If brooms are soaked in strong hot salt and water before using, the bristles will not break in sweeping.

Oil Stains.—These may be removed from paper by applying powdered pipe-clay, mixed to a cream with water. Leave it on for four hours, and brush lightly off.

Durable Carpets.—When buying, choose those carpets having small patterns for durability.

Copper Saucepans require a great deal of care and special cleanliness. Copper rust, which is generally known as verdigris, is highly poisonous, and food cooked in a pan which has even a slight amount of verdigris on it, would speedily produce symptoms of poisoning. All copper vessels are tin-lined, and if the tin wears off, it must be at once replaced. To clean copper utensils, scrub them inside and out with hot water, soda, and soap. Polish the copper by using a rag wetted with vinegar, and dipped in fine sand or rottenstone. Be careful not to allow the acid to touch the tin, as it will discolour it. There is nothing which looks so well in a kitchen as an array of copper pots, etc., but, unless the cook intends to keep them nicely and free from poison, they should never be used for food.

Cup Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar well mixed in it; four eggs. Add half a teacup of milk, with half a teaspoonful of soda, thoroughly dissolved. Flavour with nutmeg. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Add the yelks of the eggs, well beaten. Then gradually add the flour containing the cream of tartar; afterwards the milk with soda dissolved. Last, add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. If a variety of cake is desired, take half of this batter, and bake either as a loaf or in patty pans; then add ground cinnamon, allspice, cloves, and raisins (or currants), thus making two kinds from the same batter.

The Beauty of Cleanliness.—Cleanliness is beautifying. Cleansing the body is the first step towards refinement. Clean people are better able to resist disease than those who are untidy, whilst frequent bathing prolongs health and retards age. Next to sleep, there is nothing more restful than a bath when the body and mind are fatigued.

Neuralgia.—For neuralgia, make a small bag and fill it with salt. Heat it, and apply to the aching spot. This retains the heat well, and relieves pain.

HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

WE are glad to find that the glaring colours so extensively patronised during last summer are losing favour, and are being replaced by delicate and more harmonious shades. Leaf, olive, moss, and myrtle green, soft tints of heliotrope, together with many shades of brown, prevail.

Fig. 5 and Fig. 5A.

Many pretty new designs in dress fabrics for winter wear are shown, diagonals in two shades or colours, both in woollen and mohair, being very fashionable. Homespuns and fine plain cloth, as well as Cheviots, frisé, and hop-sack, appear in a charming variety of patterns and colours.

There is a great tendency to cut dress skirts, flounces, basques, collars, and bodice trimmings on the curve, so as to make them hang in folds or flutings. Capes used for outdoor wear are also cut in this way.

Dress and jacket collars are still worn very high. Some of them are not very becoming to the wearers, but collars made moderately high are certainly very suitable for this season of the year, as they afford such ample protection for the throat.

We must confess that capes for outdoor wear are much more used than seemed likely to be the case at the beginning of the season. But we cannot be surprised at this, so long as dress sleeves continue to increase in size and width.

Fig. 6.

Silk and woollen braids are very extensively used for trimming, some of which appears almost entirely covered with rows of braid.

Nothing could exceed the choice variety and prettiness of the millinery displayed for our patronage. True, Dame Fashion is ever prone to excess, but happily we need not accept any of her monstrosities; in fact, the demand for sensible dress has considerably affected head-gear in the right direction. Both small and larger shapes in hats and bonnets are in request, so that no one need follow a particular style if unsuitable.

Fig. 5 shows a lady's dress, the skirt of which is cut in the new style. The material used is dark green diagonal cloth, and the trimming is narrow bands of beaver, which is specially made for dresses, and is sold at 4¾d. or 6¾d. per yard. In sending for the pattern of this dress, either fig. 6 or fig. 7 bodice can be chosen. Please state which is preferred.

Fig. 5A is a lady's mantle, with a shoulder frill and high collar. One great advantage in these cape-mantles is that they are so much easier to make than a fitting jacket. Beaver cloth is very fashionable for capes of this kind, as it does not require lining; the edges of both cape and frill being turned under and stitched. It is made neat inside with a galoon binding of the same colour. The model shown in our illustration, however, was made of velvet, and lined with quilted satin, and was a very elegant, though somewhat costly garment. A mantle of this shape will take from two to two and a half yards of double-width material, and will be found very serviceable.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 6 illustrates the bodice to a velvet dress. It can be made to fasten at the back or at the side. When the fastening is at the side it is necessary to make the lining to fasten down the centre, and then hook the material over. A bertha or strip of lace insertion makes a very effective trimming over the velvet, similar bands being used round and above the waist, and also on the sleeves. The top of the sleeve has three epaulettes of velvet, each of which should be lined with silk or sateen.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 7 shows a second design for a lady's dress bodice. It is made over a fitting lining, and fastens invisibly down the centre. The material is set on full from the shoulder, and gathered at the waist, leaving a space for the V-shaped velvet front. The trimming can be of lace or velvet, and consists of a frill over the sleeve puff, as well as a waist-band, a neck-band, and a frill at the edge of the sleeve.

Fig. 8. Here we have a child's cloak, suitable for a girl from eight to sixteen years of age. The under or skirt part of the cloak can be set into a band and buttoned round the waist, or if a complete under cloak with sleeves is preferred the over-capes can be made much shorter—indeed, the longest of the three might be dispensed with altogether. We can supply the pattern for either style. A tweed or Ben Lomond coating will be suitable material. If the capes are lined or faced, it must be with a very soft material, or they will not set well.

Flat patterns can be supplied, 6½d. each, post free. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.